us reckon it up : a flat in London, a splendid car,
theatres, the doors of some famous club swung
open, the companionship of literary and artistic
men and women, admiration, the certainty of
seeing the children of your brain and heart on
the St. Pancras bookstall, ' Reader/ reckon it
up. Odd! there are a few thousand of you
that will read this, and to each of you I say :
What would you do if you made ten thousand
pounds ?

Little, lone, lovely, remote Tahiti; there, in
the shrine that we so ruthlessly desecrated,
breathes yet the spirit of a more than Homeric age.
How I see the black or silver or golden beaches,
dappled with the shade of the wind-frayed coconut
palms. How I hear the long Pacific rollers break-
ing in fury on the sharp steep of the coral reef
and spouting twenty feet, or thirty, in their lovely
rage. How I stand a-tremble again

while the
starlight glistens on grass lawn and
shaken fan,
and there is a note on the air that
surely, surely,
one day I shall hear. How I listen while
the sun,
new risen in the glory of all legendary
kings, paints
on the lagoon a pathway out to light.
How, when